

**the dictionary**



## **book One**

In the threshold the boy was conducted with a symphony of delights, while the toad or the professorial cataract unexpectedly; that which he seeks to adopt in the throes of an epiphany turns into a bedroom lamp in the process of shattering itself and, conversely, its surroundings. The request initially proposed by the girl who appears in all manners, that the room be vacated in the sparseness of interest seems initially maybe or not

unlike the interests proposed of the wide Bully who, when the question is posed, surrenders his conception of time and returns to the ability of stagecoach-likened television, simultaneously penetrating, for the woes of myself and none other.

"You slave, nine of the thinnest conceptions of sensuality have addresses what," he seemed to say, or something like it, "where was the question attempting to surface?" Was the conclusion was drawn that the nudity of the walls all the more appropriate for the situation. "Do I wonder," he guessed, "of what I am wondering that the path becomes when the question of its own demise is no longer avoided?" when the clock strikes its children we are to transform after into paper clip, the orgiastic delight, whether or not the artifice addresses its audience as if they were as foolish as itself. When the glass will shimmer off of the gradebook were something that addresses a verdant contemplation, that which had contrast that stung the eyes or delighted them. "In time," he quotes Balzac, "I disallow the conclusion of authorial intent, or instead not to go to the Labor Camp?" Or then, "whether or not we are to question the idea of 'sane' temperaments is to forget the lesson plan. In time I will demonstrate to you the true nature of gravity: it is, while not a photograph of the alligator- in the captures of passion, or the maiden watching the newest cellphones in heat, or the disaster."

Or students refer to the boy as Jesus, not to question the seriousness of his intentions as he undresses his

classmates. Whether the day would bring in a new propulsion system addresses Bill O'Reilly when he contemplates society and evolution, before sometimes selecting nine or eighteen students for the experiments. That they will disallow the process of science referred to their dislike of bestiality and, with exception, their placement within the National Ranking System, which is seventy-nine. Whenever he alludes to my drooling on the well-illuminated but obscure EXIT signs if posted above the egress. Of the most importance to this question is the comfort in which you recline with your feet propped against an object of considerable servility, in this case the couch; the students gaze upon the teacher in a distant awareness, when that which resembles but also resembles the ability to dismantle the ability of thought. "Do you ever discuss metaphor with the ability to understand that a metaphor about a metaphor is also a simile, or apart from the idea of a metaphor- as that which have been acclaimed by reputable scholars including Alan Greenspan? It is easy to procure a loan from your local financial institution or could the question arise to which your children are crucified or held in a different fashion." I am your local, multinational bank, and sometimes I wonder what sum I would procure upon auctioning my flesh, which hints at the faintest photosynthetic process that occurs. "That provokes that of the most simplistic that brought me sent to the Labor Camps. Sometimes I covered your body in invisible cameras, which reported

back to me the current state of the global economic crisis in realtime."

"Stand in the corner," the proctor addresses the classroom, "while I have a discussion with the television. Take your" Or the mouth flowed like a child-"here, Jesus suffers another embarrassment by that guy who dips a figure of him in urine thousands of years after he has died."

Jesus looked startled, and said, "Hey, what are you talking about? I'm right over here." Everybody apologizes and gives Jesus a collective handjob while the teacher was enraptured with the new mistress, a box full of cupcakes and Marilyn Monroe as one. Jesus seems pretty satisfied?

Presumably there is also the occasion during which the parenthetical citation refers to the citation itself, but during that time a hoax of the mammals realized in itself does not constitute a rebuke of tradition and instead have elected to raze everything that looks flammable, which evidently contains not only the set of all sets but the set that contains no sets but itself. If fallen on the forgetfulness what it is to "get," or does the treatise propose that organisms, by definition, will be spiteful of those similar to themselves? I have been living in a mall for the last several decades because I forgot the keys to my apartment and my landlord is in a perpetual state of combustion, upon which I have advised him or her to douse others in gasoline such that the Platonic aether will be satisfied to send out bulk mailings in exchange for the

liberation of eighteen hostages whose names will follow.

"Take out the garbage," the array of perfume bottles and phenylalanine dumpsters advises Jesus, too busy undressing the Information Highway and is naked to comply. If you stare at the sun long enough, it becomes nineteen thousand, three hundred thousand and twenty million thirty-five point nine hundred trillion seventeenths amphibious vehicles who are willing to address your every pleasure in exchange for the promise of Industrial Revolution, and if you do not believe me than go fuck yourself because I don't have to prove anything to you, you stupid cunt.

## **book Two**

"Sometimes," the girl addresses Jesus, "if we are to make enough divisions in the fabric of spacetime than it occurs that the atom is divisible and, actually, it is indivisible. If I am perpetually in a state of being undressed than you are perpetually in a state of watching me undress, and I find such a situation most conducive to the process of instrumentalization, the word describing which I have just learned yesterday in my lecture being



conducted by a Woman with short hair who talks a lot about Socialism. Do you know what instrumentalism is? I have a very seductive hint for you, it involves several theories which several reputable scholars including Franklin Delanor Roosevelt have been known to espouse."

Jesus looks upon the girl in a state of constant forgiveness and also implies that her perfume is too strong, the offense of which is so great that she does not slap him and instead elects to marry him, which it turns out was a bad idea because she is a real slut. "Jesus, why have you forsaken me?" the girl asks Jesus.

He replies, "I didn't."

"Well," she says, "alright. Give me all your money or I will have you sent to the Labor Camps." Jesus looks upon the girl in a state of forgiveness, and smiles unto her countenance the beneficence of a thousand poledancing. Judas is in the dining room, playing marbles with the slaves.

"I have arisen from the earth a magnificent creature which I will henceforth refer to as 'Weapon,' and when it opens its mouth a concentrated stream of barbershops bombards the Platonic aether until it accepts the magnificence of my teachings. Did you know that if you jab a German Shepherd in the stomach with a ruler than it will grant to you a series of wishes, as long as your wishes are 'I wish that a German Shepherd would bite me?' Nevermind this, for I have more important things to say, many of which again consist of the word 'barbershop' in

rapid succession."

Jesus talked for a while, all the while disrobing the girl, who had ceased to be offended at this action and now understood it as an obligatory formality. Turn your computer upside down and cover it with daisies, and you will cease to be frustrated with the intricacies of its workings. If the sunlight is to hit the compact disc through a series of carefully arranged mirrors, a pattern will emerge upon the ceiling which details the construction of the Weapon, which I have actually already completed, meaning that you shouldn't bother. Weapon, all the while, would stare at me and lick its lips in anticipation of its next meal, knowing full well about my hesitations regarding discussing 'philosophy' for not knowing what the other party expects 'philosophy' to consist of. Weapon wraps himself in telephone cords and confers onto Jesus an everlasting sense of euphoric precipitation, the least of which I thought would blind the traveler whose horse addresses me with the worst vulgarities and the most boring interpretations of mortality.

Weapon is sitting in the teachers' lounge sipping his coffee, with the frays at the corners of the elbows and the reflection off of the spectacles at the right moment, that we said often characterized the professorial sort. The windowframe is immersed in his pedagogy, which carries with it a series of lectures of architectural and archaeological methodologies, including but not limited to

the slow erosion of caked-on layers of dust, which have been acquired over tenfold that time. "I am overstated," he mutters, "or a deserving object of great fear. Soon my children will tear down all of my statues or I will grow weary of just this sort of toil; I am smoking a cigar in daylight as it withers; the same tiresome sight to which I've become accustomed or bereft."

Sourpuss addresses the class in the teachings of Condoleeza Rice while his eyes are torn out by ravens, or to conceive of a solution to the unsolvable or maybe solvable problem, that which is greed and/or also generosity. The chalkboard is treated by the chalk like a cuckold in the midst of cuckoldry, meanwhile the Doctor draws pictures of elevator collapses and the occasional shaft of light which emerges from the hamster cage when the wheel is accelerated to the appropriate speed, which is thirty-four miles an hour. Wearing a cowboy hat and composing Jesus in a nocturne of bacterial infestation which also regards any immunodeficiency for a source of delight and profit, while the cloak piles itself onto the floor, covered in dust or only the removal of words. "Do you ever anticipate that some sort of process will lead you to prolonging the sentence until its conclusion is at such an intimidation of a distance that a pretension will arise, and the statement is lost in a cloud of telecommunication before lies?" said Jesus to his lover.

"Yes," she said.

"Alright so," said Jesus, "take off your clothes." She

complies; when later the aluminum paneling is destroyed by a flock of insurance salesmen. The gym teacher dances like the Madonna, before while the students behind him or her are sacrificed one-by-one in the pretense of doubt.

A truancy officer is under commission, who stares at the world with six black eyes and the unlikely chance of more, driving in the gold-plated golf cart with brand new rims, under the highway and the splintering rail that guarantees destruction or security.

"When you are sufficiently reclined in your chair," the teacher continues, "you are to behold the world with increasing weariness and spite. It is not my statements which are of value, but my increasing sex appeal from which my statements are to gain weight." He is regarded by his students with unspeakable lust, then will the pencils fall to the floor in the unmentionable ballets; which impart to their viewers the timelessness and futility of action, or its incredible urgency? So then I will ride around Glasgow in a magical pink airplane with Nazi insignia or the melodies of Ella Fitzgerald with the unmistakable megaphone that permeates the earth. "What is more beautiful," he continues, "than the Ministry of Ministers in its timeless efficiency? When my lesson plan has concluded it was the alluring forceps that drew to a conclusion and the patient into a coma. You are not thinking clearly enough. Did I ever tell you the story of the tortoise and the Weapon? There is a stream, consisting of tachyons and the most fundamental of forces, which is

Instrumentalism, and Weapon hit the tortoise real hard with it, after which he cooked him and thought, 'I wish I was eating something that tasted good.'"

The students are not paying attention, rather they are, in the most unprecedented of ways, in the process of being disrobed, and a correspondent wallpaper speaks of the beginning of this book, which, as you will learn, is about an inaccurate model of linguistics that nobody has bothered to use for seven-hundred years, and even then they thought it was stupid.

How many times does the clock strike on the number 'eight' before the number 'eight' becomes 'what is your problem?' The answer to the question, of course, is ninety-three. Well, what is your problem? Otherwise, could you ever wonder how many times the clock strikes the wife before the pigs will come? I made the appointment that was something like how the boat would get caught in the floodgates at the beginning of the tide, or the shortness of breath at the apex of the moment, when the question asked for the answer or, would the breath necessitate the acknowledgment and the question is the floodgate? The clock unwinds itself as the alarm would still trade in the death of the receipt. Work will make you a worker and will also make you free, maybe, also, it will possibly enslave you. Contradiction is usually truth. see if you wake up after the dawn you will still see the sun rise in the West, if by West you also mean East, North, South, perhaps Southwest, but not North, or truly any direction

you see fit.

I am a business major and I plan to tell you all the secrets of the world, the first of which is that your money is worthless unless it's mine, and the second is that your haircut looks ugly on you. This is the fifteenth page of the book. Jesus explains that he wants you to take his name lightly and ejaculates his surprise toward your reluctance. If you flambe the security guard he will come out twice as resilient to intrusions on security, and a touch of oregano maybe guarantees the impregnation in the retirement fund, or vigilance and a comfortable desk. "Come over tonight and we will discuss how fabrics are torn. or we are to envision that the electrons are promising us a series of increasingly ridiculous dreams, the promise of prosperity, or the promise of poverty, companionship, some of which have their own benefits, the first of which is akin to reaching your hand into a beehive and the last of which is laser eye surgery before the conception of Truth, or finally the sight closed at the moments of intimation. The system succeeds in that it does what it does, what else did you intend the system to do? " A series of men with the same expression, mournful, or gluttonous, would sit in a room and think they should dominate the world, eventually people caught on and told them that they couldn't. Then the same thing happened a few hundred more times, soon with things that made little things go really fast, and then soon after that, with those things that shot those small things at a much faster rate, so that it really hurt On a

rare occasion, they would build big things so that people would remember that time they tried to enslave them all, or the dairy farmer and the towering udders that again brings his daughters to the conclusion of irrelevance, Jesus, Jesus, why have you forsaken me?

Jesus replies, "I didn't. Go fuck yourself." Jesus seems angrier than usual today. If I attach a series of ropes to the sky, I can climb upwards at a rate almost thirty times that of standing still. Jesus will grab the sun and we will run away before the pigs catch on. If you didn't cover the cameras, we will be sent to the Labor Camps, or if the tapes were erased before we came, and then if the foliage covers the way. See the fractals of the branches got gnarled as they aged, or the nymphs would dance for us, we, the fugitives. I reached the heart or like the temerity would coax, in a listless song, or that your words failed to convey. Someday would if the exploration had held the day in its teeth, or the sun again immersed us.

There I am hiding, or where did you fall? Looked beneath the mud and the grass and the salamander misled you; then he dictates the cessation of the lesson. Ge





### **book Three**

"Will sometimes the manner in which a thought is examined be made available, or when again autumn if something else will carry that weight, did the season forget what year and die on the way? I have a sort of caution that forgot of the perception or brought what pure self remains; envision the refrigerator upon which the 'd' is appended on abbreviation, does it perceive this as an insult or a renewal? If your elbow is arched upward

correctly as you scratch your head, I've been told you resemble a spider monkey, either in your awareness or your decadence," says the lady to Jesus, "but I can't imagine how to find out for myself."

Jesus sits upright Indian-style or stands on his hands, his arms folded like the wire in the screen door; attempting early-on to fly if we discovered the inevitability of the ground is a falsehood; then more so absent of gravitation we would continue on endlessly into space - but due to the absence the water in our veins would expand until we could no longer notice our flight. "Or," says the girl, "this is not a condemnation, especially if our happiness is guaranteed by that which we've become familiar with." Jesus is knitting a scarf or the snarling that became of the bedspread experiences the realization or the trembling saucepan; which has the richest or the most savory scent from the contents, that makes the mouth ache, or the instincts hurried. Do not eat too well or you will be sent to the Labor Camp. The mouth opens to whine but from it only emerges a belabored yawn: it is nearly three o'clock, almost tea time, yet I covered my teabags in anthrax and sent them to Peter Jennings, who did not seem surprised or, for that matter, susceptible to anthrax. "Jesus laughs as the drama unfolds, I surely am the President or at least the Czar, there is a placard on my desk affirming this," said the lover to Jesus, "when you die I will auction off your things for big profits." Jesus kissed her neck and held her by the shoulder or the breast while

three fourths-obscured in the light through the Venetian blinds, if the columns were like razors or the radiator grill, how brilliant was the difference perceived? "This is the twentieth page of the book. If the wound punctures the abdomen and penetrates the contents of the intestines, there is a significantly higher risk of sepsis or perhaps gangrene - a solution is therefore to douse the wound in Listerine or perhaps gasoline, and ignite it, I have this on account from learned scholars including but not limited to 'The Witch Doctor,' airing lately on NBC. Shoot your gun repeatedly into the air in slow motion so the paths of the bullets are separated at angles of fifteen degrees; walk through your park with your headphones on and you will hear the sounds of the birds and the wind, if they are playing through your headphones." There are the hexane Scarlet's flowers that stretch from the ground and blot out the sun with petals, or with that romantic ideal which the nuclear winter carried; maybe the consequence was of such levity while the action was the burden, said the Destroyer to the box full of puppies. Said Jesus, "I'm going to take a nap in the clouds while that unfaithful wife of mine is out drinking until sunrise, or when the vocabulary limits me I will invent new words for my disappointment, calling in the images of things which are agreed upon to be 'scenic' or 'memorable-' if the last breath is held in for sufficient length, would we not live forever? Absolutely shit, I think I left the oven on." Jesus got on his tricycle and left. I have been on the waiting list for weeks, when

the chloride sun will begin to emaciate I coughed out a promise like "grade retention," or the essay that followed on the subject. The extraterrestrials appeared and spoke only in quarter notes or half notes: or the spaceship was dried by the sun in the playground sand, that which carries or also which relinquishes is that which captures fear and the unknown. Jesus has a concussion and spills his blood on the bathroom floor, or the prefix is known as he collapsed, the trail is well-established and opens a path for the blissful tyrant, on the back of a strange creature, fashioned of misery, or sometimes deceit. "Youthful infatuation is what is desired but, per definition, unattainable; does the account for the phenomena dubbed pedophilia, or is it an otherwise natural inclination to breed with the most fertile mate?" said Jesus to the fire station, not another day passes unmedicated or with the blaze surrendering to its own cause, were it to be malice or nature at the hands of the arsonist or the errant spark. "The actress is a singer or a lonely soul who confers upon the stage and the audience the properties of her own desolate understanding, that sense of the alley's lamp streaming through the fog that provokes a sensory emptiness, or the rut that develops on the well-traveled road, speaking of what is established or otherwise the collapse of the broken horses."

Jesus said something on the radio, or the background noise took the form of his voice.

Weapon hovers above the city like an omen or went

camping between the radio towers. The man with sunglasses or the earpiece and the Crown Victoria outside with his eyes in every direction; then Jesus stood before the tide withdrawn, the questions, or the apologies fell from the sky in an endless blur that threaded together the ground to the air, or which is held as conviction or certainty, or which is reinforced, whoever had left the door open and let in the draft. "Your nose is running, how cold can it truly be outside? If the head will rest on the hand or the ear perks upwards, in that mist of comfort, then the sickness is alleviated, however persistently it remains and conquers. Then the revolutionary claims that he will bring a new independence to the country, but what language is this on the shipping container?" he will say.

"In the hallway the river spread across the walls like its own pollution coerced it, a spigot pours forgiveness like a mystery and a slogan, which the students repeat with the glorious persistence, the text of which is inappropriate for publication. As the walls are closing in on each other in every direction, a man in a room lit only by the lights of monitors with the fruits of surveillance guides them with a careful measurement, to him the notion of which is neither abhorrent nor acceptable, but a necessity." The lover puts a finger to his lips to silence him, and curls her head into the stomach, or she whispers something of a consolation. "That which is forgotten is the most memorable," she claims, "thus ellipsis is the most profound literary device. I have written an entire book out of nothing, and it swims

in a sea of catharsis and omniscient coral that slander its merits and its children."

The man with the sunglass fingers and the impotent Dawn carries a rifle or a vest, the misgivings of the cautious offered an ocean of crates and documents describing futility or determinism; see the clothes that will cover the body, but not the deeds or the thoughts, for that instead there is the purpose of imitation or flattery. Carry with you a mask in fluorescent paints and a drought of words, that will describe everything worthy of knowledge. The boy reclined into the endless field of sheets and the stemless poppies, extended a breath like a printing press or the period of a prime number's reciprocal in a specified base.

"Sometimes," the girl continued, "the sky offers me investment advice and the telephone offers me safety. The sepulcher stands below the slaughterhouse or the association sings of its glorious relations, one two three four five goes the old song, lately I have lost count and my hands felt calloused and ached." The students had crucified Sourpuss and the new teacher was glorious in his wisdom. I have offended the airline god and he has placed me on the List of Airline Sinners.

"That which is folded and unfolded becomes the day or the atom collapses in the sight of the assassin, whoever had understood that incentive or that thrill, told that what was worth the name, near-permanently in memory, or the pitchforks outside the door."

Jesus spits on her and hosts a city-wide weenie roast, with only the finest sausages from the Austrian territory, over an open flame with or without a tree branch to hold it without being burnt. The schoolhouse half the continent past by now, the plain instead of the dim lights, illuminated in the verdant greens of the plantlife or the copper in the soil and the sky; "the hand trades in what it has found and the mind trades in its own passage," said Jesus, "or the antiquated is understood not before the renewed or the modern, after which it is only viewed in a tone of wistfulness or regret." Jesus stood naked on top of the lightning rod and shouted obscenities at the policeman while tear gas flooded upon the scene and the lightning struck twice. I have a yacht built entirely out of dreams and I woke up too early, so there is a leak in the hull, or the engine is angry with me over how I'm handling the divorce. Accept the inevitable and the architectural masterpiece, or you will be sent to the Labor Camp. Organize the sense of circles and the shoes, see I am dancing above your head or the ellipse cauterizes the sky or the chemtrails, like a rake dragged in the expanse.

"There are no artists when the audience is dead," said Jesus to the lady, who wears the skins of six raccoons and a sofa recliner atop her head to complement the otherwise bare skin. She winces or lights up at the words, or the floor collapsed from the weight of the machines, what a tragedy or a comedy.

You can sleep here if it's not dawn or when it is

dawn, there is an empty page I have torn from the newspaper where you should record your comings and goings. If there is a string of hair or the illness of the compiler stuck to the fabric of your clothes, where will I uncover that which is available or unavailable, or is contradiction as consistent or false? When the fools followed the blind man he took them into a room of a thousand colors that stained the face or the hands.

"(abiword: 2846): GLib-CRITICAL \*\*: g\_error\_free: assertion `error != NULL' failed," he complains, or the sun falls out of the window and breaks its neck in the fall. "\*\*

(abiword:2846): CRITICAL \*\*: dbus\_g\_proxy\_call: assertion `DBUS\_IS\_G\_PROXY (proxy)' failed," replies his lover, or they both stand naked above the stack.

Sometimes the wind brings the colder air and the blanket is required or the central heating system after sometimes.

It was prosaic or a distortion when the thread comes through the eye, or wrapped around again to follow its own tradition. The metermaid devours the mermaid or the ocean itself; and the wisdom is reconstituted soybeans for the sake of recycling if the font size is. Too large they will be able to read over your shoulder, and the sort of tile they put on these floors is only suitable for a place where people always wear shoes, that which is emailed must be devoid of information or it would be printed out, he says. What sighs loudly or becomes iridescent, or was it complacency? "I became fluorescent, as it were, and also a Scientologist, on the good advice of Jesus, who has been



stealing from my house lately," said the lady, "listen while I discuss my system of beliefs at length." I am number one on the National Ranking System and I look great when I stare at myself naked in the mirror, even when I am dressed sharply moreover in a suit I look like Antonio Banderas and Tom Cruise in the neverending sexual act. The boy makes an organizational chart to describe the process or the chart makes the boy eat a bag full of worms, I Am Poison Control and I Am Poisoning You... John opens the lugubrious front door to discover to his eminent, unexpected surprise that the unexpected visitor of unexpected means, or that which is conveyed with the glorious socialist park bench, is opened through January or the threshold, which means the same thing. The movement is to eradicate the work or achievements or when the overpopulation opens up a can of worms to eat, it says, "when I am emptied or when I am carried across the sky like a saint, it is either anarchy or the eradication of everything else that follows."

Does the desk open its stance or how heavy were the boots that march across it? Jesus wanders through the field where the blood soaks the earth and the radiation sings, or his modern self is irreverent, whenever it is infatuation or rightful confusion that transmits the love of life. A hundred zeroes follow or maybe a few thousand, Jesus loses count.



## **book Four**

They emerge and sung like the choir, all equally betrothed, the steeple crosses itself like a riddle or the bleachers like a sitcom. The boy sees his hands are everyone's hands, or the obscurity in the thinnest of night, that which perches on the edge of the chair or the summit of the hill, from which the tragedies drew their title. "The pillars supporting the ground were a hoax or an understatement," said Jesus to the gathering crowd, "that

these caverns ceded way to the understanding, allusion would seem like plagiarism and your body looks like a horseshoe crab. Who took these naked photographs and decided not to tell me? If you have charts about a building's architectural design and the building looks like a chart, how do you tell the blueprints from the charts?"

The crowd looks confused.

"Nevermind," Jesus says, "you wouldn't understand, anyway." Jesus takes a sip of his water and takes out the laser pointer. The physics engine is lackluster and the laser pointer goes all over the place, or corrupts the memory and the general feeling of love in the amphitheatre, or maybe it was the fire that they had set. The hitchhiker on the empty road seems undeserving and a transient, which is why Jesus wouldn't stop for hitchhikers. Paper draped in the wall or the empty night which had the invasion before we are estranged, saw embers or the night lit up with rockets. The sky littered with satellites that were said to whisper something divine, or the medical records fluttered around them. The Party digs a hole in the ocean where the waves scavenge like jackals, if the sun in the water, if you screenprint the nimbus, it fell apart like rotten wood in the suspension, and more information is needed.

Jesus pictures the elevator igniting open or covering the floor, delivery is like a crutch or opened hands like the naive would take. The wallpaper looked like marble or the stonemasons naked when the lights were lowered.

The lover emerges from behind the trees and the pheasant bent out the grass cutting into the image, how the wood would explore the soil and the rocks. The eyes crawled like the wounded infantry, between the venerated and the cancer, or Ada. The water tower stood like a god as it empties its heart, or the plans are awry, the smoke leering upwards in the affair. Whose footprint appeared in the mud, that we tracked like wolves, Jesus confesses; or the microphone is cut.

The man with the sunglasses came across the sky, if the helicopters opened on the wind like the locust, until the cities were battered and weak. The soil yielded to the crops and the bullets, who falls under the nightstick and the lens, or the empty silence that the concrete sings. Wonder is the compass or only unavailable, the plastic coffins repeating upwards and upwards. The era is bright or the rebellion failed, the master with a box full of faces and in his pocket the poison of the water. They came like androids or machines, with no glimmer of flesh. "We'll all be done before sunrise," he said, or the pretense follows, that which criticized and ruined. Woke up and tore at the eyes or the sickening laughter had pervaded, the hands nailed to the door, maybe the corrosion in the atom, who whispers these lies or a nightmare that came, and collecting and forgiveness, no apologies come or a consolation. A camera stood in the corner, empty or the traitor that hears the next words to come. The ceiling is pixelated or was it the photoshopped Dawn, light the

courier or the thief. Maybe the future is promising. Take the car to the guillotine carwash and it emerges shiny and free of vice, then you can take it on parade for the citizens to celebrate. The warhead is my son and my daughter and I buy it pretty dresses at the store for the world to slowly remove, they called the moment between lust and abomination, the stench of war and the bloodied ground, or was that something on the History Channel that I forgot to watch. Take apart your television set and you will find out it's made entirely out of daisies. The apartment floor is covered in hexadecimal or maybe octal, or then covered with the blood of the Ethernet. The Prime Minister is also my plumber, but I lost his phone number and I have been jamming kittens down the toilet, so the whole apartment is starting to flood.



## **book Five**

"Today," said the shaman to Jesus, "today is a fine day. The north wind breaks the shackles and the sun shares its joys. There is a great spirit between us and the rest, that profits by our wisdom, that fails to be extinguished."

Jesus opens his eyes and stares at the man, a column of light through the dust resting on a fraction or the astonishing smile, which had knowledge or a



persistent doubt. Carry the day with ignorance or wisdom which makes you look ignorant. Walk by with your head in your shoulders and ignore your surroundings. Jesus says to the lady, as far as she is, "what I am saying to you as far as it goes is worthless, if what yearns or what captivates is unreachable it is all the more worthwhile." There is an aphorism that he speaks, it is either right or wrong, or somewhere in between. Who are all these people walking around? Some of them are dulled and empty, or the inward lighthouse that said where the ground ran low, and then they are full of mirrors. Jesus imagines he's at the wax museum-themed casino-themed Italian restaurant, where the phosphorescent dumplings flapped through the air. I died young a thousand times or uploaded myself so that I never died, and the funerals were mass-produced and filled with corn syrup and sodium benzoate. Made love or imagined in the backseat of a dune buggy, that glorified golf cart, or reduced to sand in the desert, and nations were the dunes, separable but never permanent. Jesus's private property is made of feathers and tin cans, glued together in the form of a massive phoenix, which he rides through the sky and carved open the volcano experience.

Took the hands that led away or the thrill was missing, ran like the wicked elves through the wood, when you scatter words like leaves or the secret it contains. Basked in the sun as the lizard with the eyes shut, something personal or the shared apology for the

war and the bondage. Music took the backdrop into broken glass, the guitarist turns you away and the lyre has its excuses as well. The clouds rusted shut in the junkyard or the hounds would never be silenced, then ran over the fences like an unreachable dream or the blood of improvisation, the lights pounding behind the step. Jesus, if you stop to listen, or the guards take the other path, opens the ground like an error and nobody decorated their booths at the Geneva Convention. The narrator left to go take a shower, I'm standing in for him in the meantime.

## **book Six**

"Quiet," said the lover to Jesus. He opens his eyes and looks at her face, dimmed from the nightshades or somewhere beneath the moonlight, "the nightmare sang like a siren and you were dragged somewhere as well," he said. He folded over onto his side, saw with the skin the warmth of the sheets a great satiety or someone expressed their content.

"Jesus, Jesus," she says, the hand apart from the

cheek or it calms, calms again, we the great contraption or like jazz singers bounding through the meadows, gather the apples and a familiar song plays, the frogs adopt faces like the dulcimer strings and we all watched fondly in the distance.

"There is no need for apology or even words," Jesus says, "enough is shared between eyes and the twitches of the mouth. I will tell you about general relativity or you would paint me a picture of the heavens flooded with woodchucks, in between these is either a compromise or our understanding is a product of the two." The lover makes a noise like a train wreck and Jesus nods with affection.

"I am a cowboy and you are the bank robber, until one person can build a train our escape is somewhat complicated, I am the cute shepherd girl and I lose track of all my sheep," she droned. Jesus was too busy fixing the fridge to pay attention. The manifold is between the carburetor and the lofty promises, which pertain to either the expectation or the Manor, whose floorboards treat its guests with a formidable pining or spite, especially closer to midnight. Jesus eyes his surroundings, and they are good: the door on the left top side opens to the door on the bottom right side of the room, but each time you move between one the ceiling gets a little bit lower. Eternal love is in the tenth room over, there is a reddened handkerchief on the table which seeks to divert you, and the serotonin hushed the clatter of the servants in the kitchen. Ooh, ooh,

ooh, your body is a wonderland. The house finds this conclusion disagreeable and conspires to have Jesus murder all of his companions, who have all become sugar gliders or was that some strange species of bat. "The jungle and the rainforest are among the more developed examples of ecosystems, whose inhabitants exist in near-perfect harmony, to which their abundance may be attributed," says the lover to Jesus, "so we are inclined to enjoy its sensual contributions."

"How do you know?" asked Jesus. "You have never been to either."

"I know," she said.

Jesus makes a noise like an asteroid hitting the earth, which is difficult to translate into onomatopoeia, although if I'm compelled to try, it is something like "ryatoblsmobcsk!" His lover gives him a puzzled look, not understanding what he means to convey, and goes into the kitchen to make pork chops. The minor scale is the same thing as the major scale, except the root note is just in a different place, and I don't know what the hell is going on with modes. Jesus is whistling "Three Blind Mice," to his wife's great annoyance, and Judas is playing Guitar Hero in the foyer, while the floorboards slowly form a noose around him or a crucifix beneath him, whichever is easier for floorboards to form.

"I don't like this place," said Jesus to the lover, "let's leave."

"Hmm," she says. "Alright."



## **book Seven**

"I wrote a poem," said the lover to Jesus, "and by that I mean I plagiarized it."

"Alright," said Jesus, "let's hear it."

"Here goes," she whispered, "we will invent new lullabies, new songs, new acts of love, we will cry over things we used to laugh & our new wisdom will bring tears to eyes of gentle creatures from other planets who were afraid of us till then & in the end a summer with wild

winds & new friends will be."

Jesus stood still for a moment, entrenched in thought. "It sounds familiar," he says, "or just not unfamiliar enough to not be surprising at all." The lover kneels before Jesus and he takes off her clothes.



## **book Eight**

"Telemetry I was curious, that caution was gravity and conviction, diffracting in the corneal whisk brought, grains and the antirhetorical questions. Where did the curiosity become spite, asks the martyr to his captor, what bread becomes? Life or its thieves, we call this the grains and the rye. The radiance of it in the hair fall, did you remember how youth would begin to admonish, and we withered like when caught in the only fascinations. That

which kept the children warm, when the continents were set airborne. To contradict the daylight, the myth freed from the confines and the distances. My successor is the warning of heretics that the carnival draws to a close. Near midnight, and the philosophies would empty their slaughter in the marble. Where there is one warlord with his hands over his eyes, or the statue with its arms aimed upwards," Jesus hears from a cockroach on the floor. He turned the light and they scattered.

How soon the market bought me flowers, soon in ink against the polyethylene sun he continues. I kept them like the caged jaguar, in a brilliant light or impaled in the summer grass. The Weapon stood like Colossus and the disdain beneath. I wondered what excuses it makes. Servility brings me the fire escape, and when the doorway is breached, I have their contours on the window-shade, and the flashlights, like hummingbirds, out of breath or flailing through the air. Words are empty and the tactile stasis came. Underneath the wind challenges the leaves and the roots began their apologies.

The lover rolls over, in her rude awakening. "Must you dwell on the past," she muttered, "I am trying to sleep."

Jesus, with the benign impatience, relays the tale of his last twenty minutes to the lover. "I have found a button with a thread attached to it that climbs discreetly through the floorboards into the auburn cabinet, above which the light peered through the folds of stained glass,

both this and it was something that I dreamed as a child, and have been trying to describe ever since."

A sympathetic look dawned across her face, and the moonlight in its impossibility caught her eyes at the moment such that Jesus is illuminated with the idea of sentience from the momentary glimmer, and he again was adjoined with the bedsheets.

"The wind from the sea brings a wonderful feeling to the skin," she spoke, "even if it rusts the insides of the station wagon." Jesus nods and lies with his ear to her heart. The head is beneath the pillow and the head is above the pillow, or the sound of the waves against the wooden anti-corrosion mechanism is more relaxing than intended in its design. The writing is on the shelf or the thoughts are unfocused, a fire across the bayside or when the clams began to harmonize, or it came only from the fireplace with the open top. Grains or roses covered the floor, the contemporaries like a structure or like the queen ant, moving in the angry seduction. The guests are honored and quiet, or the inset was such a complicated production, a smile from the housecat as he traversed the ceilings, pouncing or planning the hoax, and the stray dogs were the swindlers, before they were turned into kabobs at the roadside stands. The hours are like water or the faucet threatened to turn, like the point in space or the grandest insignificance, the light would shine down from the ceiling with the merciful rattling. I am the processing unit, nanananananananana, watch me process, Jesus is

made of blenders and the osmosis unit, which is either the heart or the gall bladder, if you ask me. Jesus has an important appointment in the morning, so he goes to sleep. This is the forty-fifth page of the book.

## **book Nine**

Jesus is speaking through me, would you believe it. A detailed health risk, he warns, is possessed by your cola, and then the stasis came and went, death is not as bad as life and then where Jesus is floating and made of diamonds, so the sun is like a pheasant or it kills the weekend in the litter. Leaves, leaves, leaves covered the air, and the nymphs came and went or disappeared as it came behind one tree, and another appeared with its bark

that sickened like a charcoal orphanarium, over the hills we go, to grandma's house.

"Shrubs gathered around the house in the form of fabric, the flannel or the mixed thread fabrics, cotton and polyester, above the counters or below the basement, there we hid all our secrets and what keeps the winter tolerated, its personage lit up like a child on the birthday, and we used to sing as it were joyous and not the harbinger of what was unknown, the fireplace rattles and spews out smoke, rat tat tat. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," says his lover, "the joints ache and the radiator rattles, rat tat tat, always when I am trying to sleep. I have internal bleeding and I have to go to the doctor."

Jesus looks dismayed. "How do you know you have internal bleeding?"

"Well," she says, "I have been stabbing myself repeatedly for the past few months, gouged like the wolves had me in labor, so it should be expected."

Jesus coughs up a hairball.

"Don't let me forget," Jesus says, "I have to go to the store later and pick up some bread." Jesus is working on a model airplane, and has been for two years, that all his guests say looks like it's covered with Nazi insignia.

She returns from the doctor's. "I'm carrying a child," she says, "and it's probably yours."

"Probably," Jesus repeated.

"Do not flatter me with repetition; tell me, did you go to the store?"

"Certainly," Jesus says, "they were out of bread."

"How did the store run out of bread?" she asks.

Jesus pauses. "They probably sold it all."

"Hmph," she goes. She mixes herself a pennyroyal and vodka smoothie. "Well, can you go back tomorrow?"

Jesus is under the sink fiddling with something.

"What did you say," he asks, "I didn't hear you."

"Whatever," she says.

A cold howl is let out by the window, like the betrothed and the bereft, or the lonesome cries of wolves in the winter.

Let our officers guard us against the tawdry greed or the the lightbulb in insurrection, the lightbulb breaking, as the filament bent outward, glowing like the worms in the undersea. The new propulsion system coated the air with the adhesive murmurs, Weapon floated around the fortress like an angel, merciful or the vision of death itself. What little honor remained is provisioned equally, hands waved in the air like gods perpetually mid-collapse, one over the beginning which is the thermostat prayers, one to the mercury lake and one with the balancing gears. The past tense is the same thing as the future tense, only more reliable. The air was acrid and left a bitter taste in the mouth, which was toxic or a rejuvenation, the good flour fell into scarcity and the bread came out sugary and stale, it would appear. A ghost hovers over the arms which caressed the spirit with a seductive nuance, it was a string of adjectives and empty promises. "I cut the ruby out of

the man's stomach, trespassing and alliterative, how beautiful it was in the windowlight, shining the glories of wealth and its listless expanse, my forming child and the cluelessness of tomorrow bellows at me. I took the bus across the continents and above the seas, I paid the cashier in pennies which had been left in the street."

The lover sighs and jams her fingers into the pickle jar. "These are not as savory as I remember," she comments.

In the next building over there is the distant clamor of voices in an unknown language, complaints about the quality of the food or the fidelity of the husband, either of which are indistinguishable without context. I'm dressed all in pink and with Nazi insignia, dancing around the sky with my legs composed of chairs. The integral came like ball bearings that rained, pattering on the roofs or the stray dogs, it was a crescendo of the blankets, lemonade on the eyesores, the epiphone and the weed-smoking monster, or the sixth fret was placed too high and it buzzes below that fret. What a pitiful little creature that found itself trapped in the walls, clawing at the drywall, moon and sun, eventually we would remove the side of the building to let it free. Speak it or whenever apathy, represented illegality and the private lunches with the secretary, touched the heart strings or the lead in the paint and the wires. The wind and I know that you have been lying through your teeth.



## **book Ten**

The sun scraped over the sides of the building when you went outside, the overgrowth in the fences was a tattletale too soon in the morning, sometimes Jesus and his Lover would sip lemonade in the sun, what happened so that the planks were escaping upwards, upwards, oh yeah, one two one two. The cellphone is ringing and the prophets are bored, watching reality television and opening the sky with a cheap kitchen knife. Pull your hair out and make a snow shovel, then the snow piles up against the doorways and it's useless anyway. The sun is an octagon and it corrects itself when it starts to feel useless, the sun is worshipping you while you are

sleeping, what a lovely witness you would have made, pioneering in the emptiest eras or creating what was already ancient, Jesus calls it forgiveness or when before we had already been wronged, a black hawk circles in the air and it was all imagination, silence, silence, silence, silence is golden and everything beautiful collapsed and rebuilt itself, unrepentant but wiser. The mosquitos come out in full force this August, huddling like a dying giraffe in the sky, or around the computer screen both glowing or the water droplets in the air. The equator goes from north to south, but never south to north.

Hans Reiser visits Jesus and his lover at their dude ranch in Montana, where the buffalo roam naked around the buildings in a nasty-ass dance of death. Hans asks Jesus for a beer and Jesus gives him eternal forgiveness, which is also a microbrew. Go ahead, break my heart, I never liked you anyway. "We have business to discuss," Hans says to Jesus, "very important affairs involving the cocaine trade in Bolivia, where the buffalo roam fully clothed around the straw huts in a sweet-ass dance of cocaine-induced euphoria."

"Didn't you murder your wife?" asked Jesus.

"It was a plot by Sun Microsystems," answered Hans, "how do you know about that anyway? This is supposed to be a fictional work."

Jesus looks confused and carves a flute out of a stick he found nearby. Vaginismus is a condition characterized by pain experienced during sexual intercourse, caused by

either behavioral or physical factors, depending on the patient.



## **book Eleven**

Where Jesus found the hillside bears, overlooks the military housing and the industrial wicker basket silos; eight figures before, illuminated, wirewrapped and in holding Christmas tree1s, of. Between some ornamental tin followed; city buses apostrophe, on the lamenting extension; we holding organization shaped in the telephone words, abrupt and disheartened; steak fries are on mornings are fried are on Saturday mornings, but we don't serve breakfast after eleven.

East they were facing, worked over the blank countryside, covered in the monochrome features; crows picked raspberries in the early daylight, was it and the

double whole thing was an ad for "Planter's" products. Jesus walks outside and addresses the fields in the open stance, the sun cracking over the hill; the buffalo are split open and bleeding stained glass, healing the ground as they resonate. Where did I put the rabbits. Does anybody know where to find a restroom? Jesus welcomes his wife home, whose knee is bleeding, and then Jesus goes, "What did you do, fall?" and his wife is all like, "No, I got beaten to death on the street." Jesus looks surprised and picks at his fingernails. His wife sits down and pours herself a mocha latte, which is appropriate considering that it's the wintertime. Jesus fixes up her boo-boo and they whistle that old tune, "When The Saints Come Marching In," and Jesus looks excited. Don't tell anybody when you have to use the bathroom. "Jesus bought that painting over there on the wall, I'm really proud of him," his wife says to the interviewer. Jesus sits back in his chair and looks away from the camera, the wall a rotting yellow, with a fake wooden trim below it. When the cameras leave they are in the same place, where

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## chapter Twelve

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robot wars, robot wars, robot wars, robot wars, robot wars,  
robot wars, robot wars, and so on. Jesus realized it was  
only a sitcom, and watches HBO instead, which is in the  
Premium Package. The sky is bleeding from a serious  
tachyon infection and should see a doctor about that.  
What is a tachyon, exactly? Well, let



## **book Twelve**

Jesus is having bad dreams lately, really. That's what's happening. His whole life is a matter of his own imagination. Jesus waves his hands around a lot and swears at strangers. Something is looking like a threat, wintered dating in chrome, where I take the night over to; the plastic sky like ribozomal trimeter, over in the wrong patterns. Turned and over before autumn came away; flight over six counties, over the air, something holding wings in the iam, then we collect. Uttering nothing, Jesus rolls over through the covers, scarlet and whatever Tiresias oh where Weapon took. This is taking forever. The radiator makes a noise against Jesus's wheelchair

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I found a place around here, solid  
diamonds and blue, pedestals  
where reservoirs stood  
shimmering over the cliffside before  
we came to

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tachyon field the tachyon field the tachyon field. Jesus  
breathes in deeply. Word arrives from the front lines that  
it wasn't the tachyon field anyway, so the project is over,  
and everybody should go home, have some steak and  
some red wine, and take a nap.

Jesus wakes up early and watches the elephants  
running around. A boy in a red tshirt Does anybody  
know where I can buy a toothbrush around here? Jesus  
and his wife, wave, get on the plane and go to the Azores.